

10.6.17  
A COLLECTION of CHOICE 10

# SONGS, CONTAINING,

1. An Adieu to the Rocks of Lannow.
2. The Highland Laddie.
3. The Brown Jug.
4. I'll think of Willy far away.
5. The Lads of Richmond Hill.
6. I'll not be confin'd like a Bird in a Cage.
7. Should he think of another.
8. Alone by the Light of the Moon.
9. The disconsolate Sailor's Return.
10. The Union of Bacchus and Venus.
11. Sweet Poll of Plymouth.
12. My Friend and Pitcher.
13. While Strephon thus you teize me.
14. Indeed 'tis much too soon.
15. I ken he loos' me weel.
16. Can British Tars do more.
17. The little Plough-Boy.
18. As you mean to set sail for the Land of  
Delight.
19. The Tobacco Box.
20. The Woodland Lads.
21. The Wild Rover.
22. The Friendly Tars.

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A COLLECTION, &c.

FROM thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly,  
From the rocks that are lash'd by the tide ;  
From the maid, whose cold bosom, relentless as they,  
Has wreck'd my warm hope by her pride :  
Yet lonely and rude as the scene,  
Her smile to that scene could impart  
A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale,  
But away, thou fond dream of my heart !  
To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu !  
Now the storms of the winter come on,  
And the waters grow dark as they rise !  
Yet 'tis well !—they resemble the sullen disdain  
That has lower'd in those insolent eyes :  
Sincere were the sighs it repress'd,  
But they rose in the days that are flown !  
Ah ! nymph, unrelenting, and cold as thou art,  
My spirit is proud as thy own.

To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu !  
Lo ! the wings of the sea-fowl are spread,  
To escape the rough storm by their flight ;  
And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat,  
From the winds and the snows of night :  
Like them to the home of my youth,  
Like them to its shades I'll retire ;  
Receive me, and shield my chill'd spirit, ye graves,  
From the storms of insulted desire.

To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu !

SONG THE SECOND.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,  
But O, they're vain and idly gaudy,  
How much unlike the graceful mien  
And manly looks of my Highland laddie.  
O, my bonny Highland laddie,  
My handsome, charming Highland laddie,  
When I was sick, and like to die,  
He rowl'd me in his Highland plaidy.

If I were free at will to chuse  
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
I'd take young Donald without trows,  
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.

O, my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Burroughs town,  
In a' his airs and art made ready,  
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,  
He's finer far in's Tartain plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty hills with him I'll run,  
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddy,  
 Frae winter's cold and summer's fun  
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.  
 O, my bonny, &c.

A painted room and silken bed  
 May please a Lawland laird and lady,  
 But I can kiss and beas glad  
 Behind a bush, with my Highland laddie.  
 O, my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,  
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,  
 And he ca's me his Highland lass,  
 Sine rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
 O, my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joys I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his love prove true and steady,  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end  
 While Heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.  
 O, my bonny, &c.

### SONG THE THIRD.

DEAR sir, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale  
 Out of which I will drink to sweet Kate of the vale.

Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,  
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;  
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,  
 And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease  
 In his flower-woven harbour, as gay as you please,  
 With a friend, and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,  
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,  
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,  
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester but.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,  
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,  
 A potter found out, in its covert so snug,  
 And with part of fat Toby, he form'd this brown jug,  
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,  
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

### SONG THE FOURTH.

MY love, the pride of hill and plain,  
 Has now set sail and gone to sea;  
 Yet well I know my gentle swain  
 Will ne'er inconstant prove to me:  
 Where e'er I rove, where e'er I stray,  
 I'll think of Willy far away.

At morn and eve I'll sound his praise,  
 And loudly of his beauties sing ;  
 For, oh ! engaging are his ways,  
 And sweet his presence as the spring :  
 Where e'er I rove, where e'er I stray,  
 I'll think of Willy far away.  
 Should he return to bless my sight,  
 I'll hail the lad with hearty glee ;  
 And all his tender love requite  
 With truth, with love, and constancy :  
 In hopes of this, where e'er I stray,  
 I'll think of Willy far away.

## SONG THE FIFTH.

ON Richmond-Hill there lives a lass,  
 More bright than may-day morn ;  
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,  
 A rose without a thorn !  
 This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good will ;  
 I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,  
 Sweet lass of Richmond-hill.  
 How happy will the shepherd be,  
 Who calls this nymph his own ;  
 O may her choice be fix'd on me,  
 Mine fix'd on her alone :  
 This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good will ;  
 I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,  
 Sweet lass of Richmond-hill.

## SONG THE SIXTH.

ERE yet in my youth, and my beauty in prime,  
 To hear a soft tale can be surely no crime ;  
 Tho' my mother and aunt will continually preach,  
 And lessons of this, that, and t'other will teach :  
 Their advice may no doubt be both learned and sage,  
 Yet I'll not be confin'd like a bird in a cage.  
 The goldfinch and linnnet their plumage display,  
 How sweet sound their notes as they perch on the spray,  
 'Tis liberty gives all the joy to the song,  
 And nature and fancy the notes still prolong :  
 Like them, I with freedom will ever engage,  
 For I'll not be confin'd like a bird in a cage.  
 If love should invite me to favour some youth,  
 Whose eyes beam with transport, with honour and truth,  
 To his wishes 'tis possible I may comply,  
 For my heart is too tender such worth to deny :



( 50 )  
Yet if I with love and with Hymen engage,  
I'll not be confin'd like a bird in a cage.

SONG THE SEVENTH.

YOUNG Jockey calls me his delight,  
And woos me night and morning;  
I treat his passion still with flight,  
His fondness always scorning;  
Yet love him I must own I do,  
Tho' I my passion smother,  
And I should die, I own 'tis true,  
Should he think of another,  
A blooming garland t'other day,  
He brought, I own 'twas pleasing;  
Yet I the present threw away,  
And wantonly was teasing:  
Why should I thus torment a swain,  
And my own fondness smother,  
When I should die with grief and pain,  
Should he think of another?  
Let prudence be each virgin's guide,  
And reason be prevalling;  
Let vanity beset aside,  
Coquettery and railing:  
If Jockey offers me his hand,  
No more my love I'll smother;  
But wedded I'll obey command,  
And vow to love no other.

SONG THE EIGHTH.

THE day is departed, and round, from the cloud,  
The moon in her beauty appears,  
The voice of the nightingale warbles around  
The music of love in our ears:  
Maria appear, now the season's so sweet,  
With the beat of the heart is in tune;  
The time is so tender for lovers to meet,  
Alone by the light of the moon.  
I cannot when present unfold what I feel,  
I sigh, can a lover do more?  
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,  
Yet I think of her all the day o'er:  
Maria! my love! do you long for the grove,  
Do you sigh for an interview soon?  
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,  
Alone by the light of the moon?  
Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,  
My bosom is all in a glow;

our voice, when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,  
My heart thrills, my eyes overflow :  
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine  
Indulge a fond lover this boon,  
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine.  
Alone by the light of the moon?

### SONG THE NINTH.

ONCE more I'm return'd to my own native shore,  
Which I left so dejected, so heartless, and poor,  
Each face look'd indignant and shy ;  
I fought for relief on the perilous main,  
And Fortune she chear'd my poor heart once again,  
When I brav'd the caprice of the sky.  
Tho' death seem'd impatiently waiting around,  
With sharp-pointed lightning and thunder profound,  
Or roar'd in the turbulent wind ;  
When a calm has return'd, I've said to each mate,  
Tho' the Heaven's have frown'd, there's nothing I hate  
So much as the frowns of mankind.  
I had not forgot how my heart was oppress'd,  
And scorn'd e'en by those whom I'd often caress'd,  
And parted my penny so free ;  
But if ever dame Fortune should leave me again,  
No more shall ingratitude give me a pain,  
I'll seek for resource from the sea.

### SONG THE TENTH.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,  
And love at his shrine gay libations to pour,  
And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires,  
For she lights in our souls the most sacred of fires :  
Yet to neither I swear sole allegiance to hold,  
My bottle and lass I by turns must enfold ;  
For the sweetest of unions that mortal can prove,  
Is of Bacchus gay god, and the goddess of Love.  
When, fill'd to the fair, the brisk bumper I hold,  
Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold ?  
The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,  
If good port fills your glass, and fair Kitty's the toast ;  
And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,  
If her sofa's encircled with wreaths from his tree ;  
For the sweetest of unions that mortal can prove,  
Is of Bacchus gay god, and the goddess of Love.  
All partial distinctions I hate from my soul,  
O, give me my fair one, and give me my bowl ;  
Bliss reflected from either will send to my heart  
Ten thousand sweet joys, which they can't have apart.

( 7 )  
Go try it, ye smiling and gay-looking throng,  
And your hearts shall in unison beat to my song;  
That the sweetest of unisons mortals can prove,  
Is of Bacchus gay God, and the goddess of Love.

SONG THE ELEVENTH.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,

When forc'd from her to go  
Adown her cheeks ran many a tear,  
My heart was fraught with woe;  
Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,  
The land we left behind;  
Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,  
My sighs increas'd the wind.  
We plow'd the deep, and now between  
Us lay the ocean wide;

For five long years I have not seen  
My sweet, my bonny bride;  
That time I sail'd the world around,  
All for my true-love's sake;  
But press'd as we were homeward-bound,  
I thought my heart would break.  
The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,  
To let me once on shore;  
I long'd to see my Poll again,  
But saw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away?  
And is he gone? she cry'd;  
My Polly, sweetest flower of May,  
She languish'd, droop'd, and died.

SONG THE TWELFTH.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,  
Will still desire to grow richer;  
Give me but these, I ask no more,  
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.  
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,  
With such what mortal can be richer;  
Give me but these, a fig for care,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.  
From morning sun, I'd never grieve  
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,  
If that when I come home at eve,  
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.  
My friend so rare, &c.

Though Fortune ever shuns my door,  
I know not what can bewitch her;

( 8 )  
all my heart can I be poor,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.  
My friend so rare, &c.

SONG THE THIRTEENTH.

WHILE Strephon thus you teaze me to say what won  
my heart,

It cannot sure be treason, if I the truth impart ;  
It was your gen'rous nature, bold, soft, sincere and gay,  
It shone in ev'ry feature, and stole my heart away.

'Twas not your smile tho' charming, 'twas not your  
eyes tho' bright,

'Twas not your bloom tho' warming, nor beauty dazzling  
light ;

No, it was your gen'rous nature, both soft, sincere, & gay,  
It shone in ev'ry feature, and stole my heart away.

'Twas not your drefs tho' shining, nor shape that won  
my heart,

'Twas not your tongue combining, for that might please  
by art ;

No, it was your gen'rous nature, both soft, sincere and  
gay,

It shone in ev'ry feature, and stole my heart away.

SONG THE FOURTEENTH.

AT gay sixteen my lovers came,

With flatt'ring tongues and hearts in flame,

As thick as flowers in June ;

But of a little beauty vain,

I laugh'd, and told each dying swain

Indeed, 'twas much too soon.

Year after year in scorn went by,

Rejecting ev'ry am'rous sigh,

I kept the same old tune ;

Go shepherds, with disdain I cry'd,

'Tis time enough to be a bride,

Indeed 'tis much too soon.

At twenty-five, full time to wed,

My lovers nearly all were fled,

I alter'd then my tune ;

Shepherds said I, I've chang'd my mind,

I've thought the matter o'er, and find

I cannot wed too soon.

SONG THE FIFTEENTH.

BESIDE the burn the other day,

I tun'd my simple sang,

Young Jockey tripping came that way,

And play'd his pipe along.



Upon the bank he took his seat,  
 And fain a kiss wou'd steal,  
 I rose and quickly did retreat,  
 Yet ken he loo's me weel.

Dear Peggy, then the loon he cry'd,  
 Do not my suit disdain;  
 Or treat wi' scornful airs and pride  
 An honest-hearted swain.  
 I've ewes and lambs that graze the mead,  
 To truth I can appeal;  
 They shall be yours, sweet lass, indeed,  
 If you will loo me weel.

The shepherd look'd and talk'd sa sweet,  
 Gude faith he won my heart;  
 For pit-a-pat I felt it beat,  
 To frown I had na art.  
 Mifs John, the happy knot has ty'd,  
 Content is mine, I feel;  
 There canna be a happier bride  
 Because he loo's we weel.

# SONG THE SIXTEENTH.

YE hearts of oak, who wish to try

Your fortunes on the sea,  
 And Britain's enemies defy,

Come enter here with me;

Here's five pounds bounty, two months pay,

And leave to go on shore,

With pretty girls to sport and play,

Can British tars wish more?

Our ship is stout, and sails like wind,

To chase a hostile foe,

To fight like Britons we're inclin'd,

We'll let the Monsieurs know.

Our captain's gen'rous, brave, and good,

Of grog we'll have great store,

Of prizes rich we'll sweep the flood,

Can British tars do more?

And when from driving Bourbon's fleet,

Victorious we arrive,

With music, dance, and jovial treat,

To please our girls we strive;

Both Spanish silver, and French gold,

We'll count in plenty o'er,

Which we have won, my shipmates bold,

Can British tars do more?

## SONG THE SEVENTEENTH.

A flaxen-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,  
 And next a merry plough-boy I whistled o'er the lee;  
 But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,  
 And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face.  
 When steward I'm promoted I'll snip a tradesman's bill,  
 When lolling in my chariot so great a man I'll be,  
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lee  
 I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,  
 I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself.  
 Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppose,  
 When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes.  
 I'll bawl, harangue, & paragraph, with speeches charm the ear  
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a peer;  
 In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,  
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistl'd o'er the lee

## SONG THE EIGHTEENTH.

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,  
 And in wedlock's soft hammock to sleep ev'ry night,  
 If you hope that your voyage successful should prove,  
 Fill your sails with affection, your cabins with love;  
 Let your hearts, like the main mast, be ever upright,  
 And the union you boast of, like your tackle, be tight,  
 Of the shoals of indifference be sure to keep clear,  
 And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.  
 If husbands e'er hope to lead peaceable lives,  
 They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their wives  
 For the eveners they go, boys, the better we sail,  
 And on ship-board the helm is still rul'd by the tail.  
 Then list' to your pilot, my boys, and be wise,  
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,  
 A brace of proud antlers your brow may adorn,  
 And a hundred to one but you double Cape-horn.

## SONG THE NINETEENTH.

Thomas. Tho' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,  
 Let's not lose our prattle now, my charming Kate,  
 Till the hour of glory, love should now take place,  
 Nor damp the joys before you with a future case.

Kate. Oh! my Thomas, still be constant, still be true,  
 Be but to your Kate as Kate is still to you;  
 Glory will attend you, still will make you blest,  
 With my firmest love, my dear, you're still possess'd.

Thomas. No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above,  
 Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love;  
 Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize,  
 Never Kate without thee will I bung these eyes.

*Kate.* Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,  
Nor think I will leave thy side the whole campaign,  
But I'll cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold,  
May'st thou share the vict'ry, may'st thou share the gold.

*Thomas.* If by some bold action I the halbert bear,  
Think what satisfaction when my rank you share,  
Dress'd like any lady fair from top to toe,  
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

*Kate.* If a serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,  
Linen shall be ready always for my love;  
Never more will Kate the captain's laundress be,  
I'm too pretty, Thomas love, for all but thee.

*Thomas.* Here Kate take my 'bacco box, a soldier's all,  
If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom is doom'd to fall,  
When my life is ended, thou may'st boast, and prove  
Thou'dst my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

*Kate.* Here take back thy 'bacco box, thou'rt all to me,  
Nor think but I will be near thee, love, to see;  
In the hour of danger let me always share,  
I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

*Thomas.* Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that tear,  
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;  
But may Heav'n befriend us—hark! the drums command  
Now I will attend you, love I kiss your hand.

*Kate.* I can't stop these tears, tho' crying I disdain,  
But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain;  
May good Heaven defend thee, conquest on thee wait,  
One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

### SONG THE TWENTIETH.

TO spear my love with glances fair,  
The Woodland laddie came;  
He vow'd he would be all sincere,  
And thus he spoke his flame:

The morn is blythe, my blooming fair,  
As fair as fair can be;  
To the Greenwood gay, my lassie dear,  
To the Greenwood gang with me.

The lad I love was so oppress'd,  
I could not say him nay;  
My hand he kiss'd, my hand he press'd,  
When tripping o'er the brae.

My lad, I cry'd, so trim and fair,  
As fair as fair can be,  
To the Greenwood gang, my laddie dear,  
To the Greenwood gang with me.

The bridal day is come and pass'd,  
Such joy was never seen ;  
And now I'm call'd the Woodland lass,  
The Woodland laddie's queen.

I blest the morn, the happy day,  
I spoke my mind so free ;  
To the Greenwood gang, my laddie dear,  
To the Greenwood gang with me.  
*Song 21.*—I'VE been a wild rover these dozen long years  
I spent all my money in ale, wine and beer,  
For the time that's to come, boys, I will have great care,  
Least poverty happen to fall to my share.  
Therefore I'll lay up my money in store,  
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

From alehouse to alehouse I rambl'd many a day,  
Where I spent my money and time quite away ;  
For the time that's to come, boys, I will have great care,  
Least poverty happen to fall to my share.

I went to an alehouse where I us'd to resort,  
I told her my money began to grow short,  
I ask'd her to trust me, she answer'd nay,  
We can have such customers every day.

I pull'd out a handful of silver straightway,  
It was but to try her to hear what she would say ;  
She said, you shall have good liquor of the best,  
You are heartily welcome, I was but in jest.

No, no, no, your proud words I will defy,  
I will see you all hang'd before I'll spend one penny ;  
For the time that's to come, boys, I will have great care,  
Least poverty happen to fall to my share.

*SONG XXII.*—I sail'd in the good ship, the Klitty,  
With a still blowing breeze and rough sea ;  
Left my Polly the lads calls so pretty,  
Safe here at an anchor, yo yea.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,  
And cry'd now be constant to me,  
I told her not to be down-hearted,  
So up went the anchor, yo yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,  
And the storm came on weather and lee,  
The hope I with her should be harbour'd,  
Was my cable and anchor, yo yea.

And now my boys, would you believe me,  
return'd with no rhino from sea ;

Polly would never receive me,

as I have'd another, yo yea.



ears

are,